ABOUT THE GRIZZLY

A Veteran Hunter of California Explodes Some Fallacies.

The Grizzly Bear Not So Big as Many Suppose-He is, However, the Toughest Animal on Earth -Value of heir -kins.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

No less an authority than the Duke of Sutherland, who has hunted wild beasts in every country, under every clime, and is noted as one of the best amateur rifle shots in England, said some 10 years ago that Henry Ellison, the hunter of the coast range of the mountains in California, was the best all-round sportsman among the big game he had ever seen. When his lordship and party of London young men came to California for a six weeks' hunt in the mountains they gave themselves entirely over to Henry Ellison, and he is said to have provided livelier and more appetizing sport than the duke and his friends had just come from in India, on their tour round the world. The appreciation in which the old California hunter was held by the Englishmen is shown by the fact that almost as soon as they reached home they sent as a gift to Ellison the finest rifle and double-barreled shotgun to be had in London. In the two months' hunt the old hunter led the party ere they got three grizzly bears, five black bears, two score or more of wild cats, two or three mountain lions, a score of deer, some elk and no end of gray squirrels and feathered game.

Henry Ellison is now 58 years old. He is still a hunter and trapper, and he says he means to die in his lonely mountain cabin, away up in the San Bernardino range, or on the trail. He is a typical hunter. Everyone in Southern California knows about him, while among sportsmen he has a reputation from Scattle to San Diego. He was in the United States army in the last war, and when he came out he tried boating Vicksburg, but gave it up, came across the plains and got so in love with the wild, free life in the canyons and mountains that nothing has ever been an inducement for him to give it up. The late Mayor Camer H. Harrison of Chicago, when he spent the winter of 1891.92 in Southern California went 1891-92 in Southern California, went hunting with Ellison several times among the tall timber in the San Ga-briel mountains, and Henry Ellison fig-ures prominently in the late mayor's book of his globe-trotting experiences. The grizzled old fellow has had enough thrilling experiences with grizzly and black bears, mountain lions and wild eats to fill a big book. His face and neck bear the marks of lacerations from the effect of bears' claws, he walks lame from the effect of grizzly's jaws on the ankles, and his left shoul-der is quite stiff where he had an encounter with a mountain lion three

Henry Ellison came to Los Angeles the other day for the first time in three years, although he can see the loftiest buildings in the city almost any day from his cabin among the mountains,

"I don't know as I have any news to tell you this trip, boys," said he to a party of hunters who soon gathered shop where the veteran bear hunter was. "Oh, yes, come to think, I got a little bok of bear stories, and I've been a-readin' that book over and over. It was got up by an editor named Hal-stead. Some one sent it to me from the East. Well, now, do you know. there's a heap o' nonsense in that book, although it seems to me to have been written as sound sense. For instance, it has two or three stories about grizre has two or three stories about grizzlies eating up men. I'll bet my rifie no grizzly ever ate a man, no matter hom hungry he was. Then the book tells about men stabbing grizzly bears to the heart with common bowie knives. I don't believe that has ever been done, for a knife would have to have to be a stable would have to have the stable. for a knife would have to have a a foot long to enter a grizzly's heart, and no man would have hardly one chance in ten thousand to strike the heart while fighting for life with a big bear. Then it tells about a family of grizzly bears rolling around in caves and having all kinds of fun by themselves. That it all wrong too because selves. That is all wrong, too, because sourest sort of a fellow and never plays with anything, much less his cubs. He seems to hate his whole family. Black bears may do that, but never grizzlies.

"But what has made my partner and me laugh most in that book of bear sto-ries is about several bear carcasses that have weighed 1,700 and 1,800 pounds. Now, I've hunted from British Columbia to Arizona, and have sat about a campfire with hunters of all kinds, and I've never known or heard reliably of any bears that went over 1,000 pounds. I killed one down in the San Diego mountains five years ago that weighed 840 pounds. Last winter, just before the beasts went into their long sleep, my partner and I got two grizzlies up in the Kern county range, and each one went over 700 pounds. and each one went over 700 pounds. The ranchmen said they were the largest they ever saw. My idea is that all these bears that weigh from 1,500 pounds up have been killed around a campfire, and always by tenderfeet, too, I would like to hear from anyone who ever saw a bear weighed that tipped the scales at 1,500 pounds. A person who had never seen a bear running wild would say on seeing his first that it was the biggest thing ever wrapped up in hide. The first bear I ever saw looked as big as a mountain, but after I had killed him he shrunk down to a small black one. I could pack him all around, he was so small.

"The very largest looking grizzly I ever got, my partner and I killed when we were hunting and trapping on Up-per Columbia river, up in Oregon, six years ago. We went up a small creek that empties in the Columbia purposely for a grizzly bear, and took along elk and deer meat for bear trap bait.

"One morning we went to the traps, several miles up the creek. We had not gone more than half a mile when I saw a bear track in the mud along the bank of the creek. It was a tre-mendous track. I told my partner most likely the old boy was handy around likely the old boy was handy around the bait, for the tracks were fresh. When we came in sight of the buit the bear had gone, but the balt showed

across swainpy spots. We had not gone more than half a mile when I heard one of the dogs how! Then I knew the bear was our meat. We Hinton, Grahamsville, War on Co., went down to where the dogs were, Florida. For sale by lruggists,

and there was a bald-faced grizzly that was the grandpa of all the bears either of us had ever seen. fighting the dogs, running first at one then at the other. Finally, afer a deal of worrying from the dogs it sat up on its haunches. That was the op-portunity we were waiting for. We both turned loose with our Winchesters and the bear tumbled all in a heap. HOW BEARS ARE TRAPPED the bullets had broken its neck and

the bullets had broken its neck and the other his shoulder.

"I had never seen such an animal before for size. I asked my partner what it would weigh. That was the first bear I had ever wanted to weigh. He said he had no idea, but we would try and pull him; we could just move him; he was lying on snow that was pretty solid. We had a stick through his gambrels, so we had a good pull at him. Both of us were over 6 feet tall and weighed over 200 pounds, so we were not very weak. We talked about the weight of the bear more than a hundred times as we pulelh shrdluuuu the weight of the bear more than a hundred times as we pulled him along and we thought he would probably weigh 800 pounds. His hide when stretched measured 10 feet 3 inches from tip of nose to the tail and was 8 feet 9 inches wide. When wew ent down in the spring we showed the hide around, and old hunters said that It was the largest hide they had ever seen. Well, we got some steelyard balances in camp, and as near as any of ances in camp, and as near as any of us could reckon the weight of that crit-ter it was not over 450 pounds. Neither my partner nor I said a word after that about how much we thought a bear weighed until we actually knew.

"Do I ever have any scary moments when I'm out for grizzly? No, I never feel realy frightened of late years, but I have seen lots of times when it took all my brain power and strategy to come out ahead of the big fellows. The 30 years I have been hunting and trap-ping have taught me that the grizzly bear is, next to an Arizona Apache In-dian, the ugliest, crossest and most un-

reliable critter that a hunter or pros-pector has to deal with.

"When I came out to California in 1865 there were hundreds of grizzlies in the red woods along the Russian and American rivers. That reminds me of a funny experience of mine. I was green and fresh then, even if I had been in the war. One morning I was out alone for deer in the Lake county foothills when I saw a whopping big grizzly way up on the side of a mountain; I went right after it without realain; I went right after it without realizing the risk. I crept cautiously up the mountain, keeping out of sight of the bear as much as possible. I got within 100 yards of him, and, taking careful aim, just at the back of the shoulder, I let drive. The bear fell at the crack of the gun, but was on his feet again in an instant, and came tearing down the mountain in a bee-line for where I stood. My ritle was a muzzle-loader. stood. My rifle was a muzzle-loader, and I had no time to reload. I was not half so anxious to kill the bear as I was to save my own bacon. A tree stood below me, and without stopping stood below me, and without stopping to measure its size or to consider what sort of a place of refuge it was, I sprang to it and went up like a coon chased by a pack of hounds. I had reached the branches, about 10 feet from the ground, and had not yet thought of looking down when I heard the bear scratching at the foot of the tree, and imagined he was coming after

"Well, he didn't come, and when I had climbed about as high as I could get I straddled a limb to await developments. The grizzly stood on his hind legs, scratched and growled and snarl-

ed, while my heart was right between my teeth, I must confess. "After an hour, when the bear calm-ed down, I felt easier. I thought the bear would soon get tired of keeping watch and would get up and go away. He did nothing of the kind, however, and hour after hour I sat there in that tree watching the bear. I imagined I saw him move occasionally. But he lay still, and finally I began to break branches and throw them down on him, and yelled at him until I was hoarse. There he lay, and he seemed determi el to remain there until he starved me out. My situation began to grow desperate. Night was coming, and al-ready I was so stiff from my position that I could scarcely move. Something must be done, and it had to be done

mighty quick.
"My rifle lay on the upper side and the bear was below the tree. I climbed down to the lower branches, and, breaking off a few of the smaller limbs, I threw them down on the bear. He did not move. He was asleep, I thought, and now as my time. Carefully, and still as death, I slid down the tree until I was within six feet of the ground, when I sprung on the up-per side, grabbed my gun, and ran like a seared coyote to some rocks about 50

yards away.
"When safely behind the rocks, I
peeped out. The bear had not moved.
Then I loaded my gun, and drawing a
careful bead, with a dead rest over a rock, I shot the brute square between the eyes. Still he did not move. Again I loaded my rifle, cocked it and walked cautiously toward the bear. When close enough I picked up a stone and struck him with it. He did not seem to mind it, then I mustered up courage enough to go near enough to poke him with my gun. He was as stiff as a poker, and had been dead for hours. I had been in the tree all day, treed by a dead bear! Oh, I was an awful green tenderfoot then."

First-Class Travel.

From Harper's Round Table. An American who was traveling in the hills of Scotland paid \$10 for a first-class ticket for a stage coach ride over the mountains. Soon after the start he noticed that a man who had a second-class ticket, which cost \$5, and several who had third-class tickets, price \$2.50, were enjoying as good seats and apparently as many privileges as he was.

The American concluded that the canny Scotsman had gotten the better of him. but decided to hold his peace and pay for the experience. When the end of the long journey was reached at evening, however the traveler had changed his mind; he felt he had had his money's worth. For every time that day when the coach came to the foot of a steep hill, the horses were stopped and the driver called out 'First-class passengers keep your seats: cond-class passengers get out and walk third-class passengers get out and push. And they all did every time.

My little boy, when two years of age, was taken very ill with bloody flux. I was advised to use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy, and luckily procured part of a bottle. I carefully read the directions and gave signs of having been eaten.

"We put the dogs on the track, then followed after them as fast as we could travel, through underbrush and it saved his life. I never can prase the The tarill on a Gordon hat shuts moone out.

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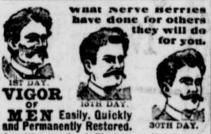
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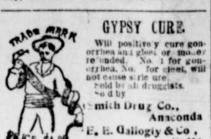
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